

E L E G Y

On the D E A T H of

Sir NATHANAEL HERN, K^t.An Eminent ALDERMAN of the City of LONDON, who
Dyed on *Saturday*, the 16th of this instant *August*, 1679.

Triumph, all you triumph, who never see
Without a triumph, falling Gallantry.
Behold these Corps and triumph: Let some go,
Through *France* to *Rome*, and in their journey show
How we do weep, and what doth cause our Woe.
Let them report, how we do here Lament
At their Success, while yet they'r innocent.
How Death doth list himself, while they stand by,
Viewing him championing for Popery.
He doth their *Stabs* and *Poisons* supersede;
They may confine their *Daggers*, have no need
To sharpen *Poisons*, to make Patriots bleed:
Their work is taken from their hand, and they
See *England* falling, whilst themselves may play:
Their Engines are reliev'd, by him whose Course
Steals on, disdaining Vigilance and Force:
No Guards surprize his Art, no Courts condemn
The Malice that Kills us, and Kills for them.

Since Fraud and Violence betray'd and slew
Godfrey (that word we may now well endow
With Power to speak forth, what is great and true,) }
Since he was so devour'd, by that fell thirst;
And so devour'd, because he met it first.
England, I think, ne're summon'd was to Tears
By an Allarm, that so expressly bears
All Characters of Grief upon its Air;
As this which now breaks in, and strikes our Ear.
My Memory doth not rebuke my Tongue,
I think, no other can object, 'tis wrong.
Oh then! Let none appear in any face,
Which would not well become that solemn Place;
In which that Body lies, which not long since
As urgently did challenge Reverence,
As it now calls for Grief: it loud doth call,
It is the Relict of that manly Soul,
Which Worth fill'd up, and great'n'd, it broke forth
In all his Acts, they Dictates were of Worth:
This did inform his Soul, inform his Place,
And did adjust him to his Sphere; this Grace }
Mov'd in his works; in an Heroic Pace.
Like some good Angel, managing his Feet
To Paths, where Honour his Approach did greet.
He to this Conduct did Obedience pay;
Allways did ask, always did tread this way:
Or rather in this Path his Mansion rear'd,
And being once planted, allways here appear'd.
Did you find him? this way your Eys you steer'd.
Yet Honour he ne're woo'd, but did espouse
Virtue, and Honour waited in its House.
It saw and prais'd him, for he never stray'd
From his chaste Vows, this he lov'd, this him sway'd.

Reflect all you, whose Converse made him yours;
(I'll not add Fuel to his Kindreds Grief
May Heaven unto it, lend its sweet Relieve)
Collect, pronounce what my Report secures.
I'm sure the Store is great from whence you may
Call Proofs, & attest my Truth, his Gallantry.

You know his Speech which Privacy conceal'd:
For what was Public, Fame to all reveal'd.
You saw high Excellence it self display,
Seeing his Mind, in his words ope its way, }
This deckt his Speech with a most constant Ray.
You were led to that Closet, where did stand
The wonderful Effects of Virtues Hand:
You saw, admir'd what your Eys did fill,
The noble Products of Celestial skill, }
No darkning Tincture, of ought base or ill.
You knew him to condole his Country's woe }
In his large Prospect viewing Blood to flow
Bound for our Coast in a tumultuous Throe.
He griev'd to see Unfaithfulness in th' Arms
Which should defend his *Dear Prince* from the harms
He did incur, when he for us stem'd storms.
He saw Darts pointed towards his Back, whilst Zeal }
For *England's* good, enjoy'd his Face to dwell
There where the Breach, was making on our Weal }
He startled at this sight, made Heaven to hear
The sad Repentments, started by his Fear.

You, that do know these things, Proclaim 'em all;
Let *London* see what fell when he did fall:
Pourtray him to the Age, which wants him still;
And let it see, what will upbraid its Ill.
Sow these Relations, with unwearied Hands;
Labour to cultivate our Barren Lands.
Reverse this great Mortality of Faith:
Enliven Vertues Ashes with your Breath.
Dear GOD! which do't his worth Remand and Crown,
Redeem ours from its dark Oppression,
Tho' Sow'd by Sin, let it retrieve its loss.
Let it heave off its dull inveterate dross.
Let it so sparkle forth, that *Papists* may
Find their Eyes dazzled, when they aim at Prey.
And may Return to *Rome*, and there Declare
And Curse, *HERN's* Last Breath, which Perfum'd our Air.
If we don't thus Improve his Loss, e're long
You'll hear a *Shaftsbury*, or *Player's* gone.
All Manhood will renounce our Land, and then,
Owls, Dragons, Satyrs, will make it their Scene:
You do beat off your Guards, your hands disown,
And your selves Prostrate to Destruction.
You Bind your selves, and on the Altar lay
Your Rights, and Importune the Fatal day,
Clearing before-hand him that shall you slay }

Who then takes up the Standard which *HERN* bore,
To face outrageous Vices Swelling Power?
If all that can't blame *HERN's* Life would agree
To follow it, this present Age would see
The Dirt clear'd, the next wonder at the stream's Purity: }
How great a Beauty will our Land put on,
Would not forestal the Conflagration?